

Good Morning 421

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)



HERE'S A TRIO OF TRICKS & TROUBLE

L.S. George Benfield

HERE is a bundle of messages from three happy children and their mother, for you, L.S. George Benfield. Have you recognised them from the picture? Yes, it's young Arthur in Dad's tin hat and gas mask, with Brenda and Barbara. And mother? Well, you can't see her in the photo, but she is standing at the side watching.

First, George, we will give you a message from your mother. She says: "I'm very sorry, son, but I can't get you a bathing costume at all. I have tried everywhere, but they seem to be a luxury."

"Renie, your younger sister, has now got a job at the factory with Edna and Betty. We are looking forward to seeing you soon, George, and don't forget to keep your case with you this time."

Arthur came in from school while we were talking to your mother in the front room of No. 10 Blaisdon Close, Liverpool II. In he rushed to tell his mother all about the film show they had had at school, but stopped short and gave his tongue an awful bite when he realised that his mother was entertaining.

We soon told him all about "Good Morning," though, and he gave us a host of messages for you, George.

First, he wants you to write to him and tell him all about the submarine. He says he promises to reply to your letter, although you must expect to find a couple of odd mistakes here and there.

He said he wished you were at home, because there was a fair on in the evening, and funds were a little low—in fact, the financial position was so serious that he doubted if he could manage the fair at all!

Brenda sent her love to you, George, but that was about all.

Your letters are welcome! Write to "Good Morning" c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1

She was so shy that it took us about half an hour to persuade her to have her photo taken for you, and the minute that we had finished she made a dive for Trixie, your old cat, and together they retreated to the back garden to console each other.

Barbara also sent her love to you and asked us to tell you that she is doing fine with her dancing lessons.

"I can do two steps right through now," she proudly told us, while Arthur cut in sarcastically, "Yes, and don't we know it—you're always dancing." It seems that Arthur is apt to cramp her style; but then, brothers do do things like that.

Barbara's financial position was a great deal better than that of Arthur, and she was taking Brenda to the fair in the evening. She was so excited that she couldn't wait, and every few minutes she looked at the clock and then appealingly at Mum.

The clock went round too fast for us, though, L.S. Benfield, and so we bade Mother and the kids bye-bye, and, yet, we managed to get a smile out of little Brenda before we left!

Home Town News

SYD OSBORNE, landlord of the Bedford Hotel, Southampton, offers a free dinner after the war to a group of about ten soldiers and sailors who put one across him the other day.

Making the rounds at closing time, Syd found the group in a cul-de-sac at the side of the hotel. They promptly broke up and departed, after wishing him a cheery "Good-night."

Later, our landlord remembered that he had stored a spare barrel of beer in the cul-de-sac.

It was still there when he went to look for it, but, alas, its contents were sadly depleted.

The Army and the Navy boys had carried out a very

successful "combined operation"!

"I was angry at first," said Syd later, "but I couldn't help seeing the funny side afterwards. I'll stand the culprits a dinner after the war with pleasure—if they like to claim it."

"HIDDEN" HISTORY TO BE REVEALED.

HISTORIC buildings in Southampton which have been closed since the war are to be re-opened for conducted parties of visiting members of the Allied Forces.

This decision followed a visit to the centuries-old Bargate and Tudor House by Mayor Rex Stranger, M.C., and Mr. Hubert Bennett, the Borough Architect, in quest

The Fisherman wanted to mind the Net

John Allen writes of a "Knight of Soccer"

IF ever a group of football followers commence to talk about cup-ties, it is certain that the name of one club will be brought into the conversation—Bolton Wanderers.

In view of their great tradition as cup-fighters, it is not surprising to find that they have developed as many of football's "Knights," as any other Northern club, and I could fill a book with stories of these men.

Joe Smith, sturdy inside-left, dark in looks, and one of football's great players, together with his partner, Ted Vizard, must surely head the list.

For seventeen years Joe Smith captained Bolton Wanderers, led them to Cup Final victories, and played for his country, but before he became world famous as a goal-scorer he had to travel a hard road like so many other young men who choose football as their profession.

He was spotted by George Eccles, Bolton's assistant trainer, when playing for a Newcastle junior side. The clever constructive work of Smith, coupled with his terrific shooting powers, had attracted other clubs, and to avoid rivals stepping in and signing him, George Eccles arranged a meeting in a local inn.

Here he made Smith an offer; it was accepted, and the footballer threw up his job in a local ironworks and reported for duty at Burnden Park, home of the Wanderers.

SIXPENNY WAGES.

If Joe Smith imagined he was going to make a quick fortune he was wrong.

He became one of many promising lads attached to a struggling club. In fact, Bolton, now so powerful, was then so poor that Joe was usually paid each week in sixpences—the takings at the gate constituting the players' wages!

Eventually, Bolton's first-team left-winger, McEwan, went to Chelsea, and young Joe Smith was promoted to the League team.

For two seasons he kept his place—until a tall, shy, and

rather good-looking Welsh lad walked into Burnden Park and asked for a trial. He was a left-winger—and what a left-winger!—named Ted Vizard.

Now, Joe Smith feared he might lose his place—but the arrival of Vizard meant a great deal to Smith's career, for he was moved back to his rightful position at inside-left, and developed his understanding with the Welsh lad.

For seventeen seasons these two internationals played as one in the Bolton team. Rarely has a better wing ever been seen; certainly no two players with a finer understanding of each other ever took the field together.

Vizard was a Welsh international within three months of playing his first League match. Smith gained his England honours a little later.

These two men made up one of the earliest of the great wing combinations. They played for each other—and the team. Individual brilliance was encouraged—but only if it meant that the Bolton team would benefit by it.

THE INSEPARABLES.

During the last war, Smith and Vizard, close friends off as well as on the field, joined the Army together, and, as they were both stationed in London, played together for Chelsea. These two men helped to take Bolton into the First Division and win the Cup on two occasions.

Real "Knights of Soccer" because they were not only great players, but fine sportsmen, they are still actively connected with the game.

Joe Smith is manager of the very successful Blackpool team, and Ted Vizard, after



of a piece of old timber from which to make a carved wooden casket to contain the vellum which will be presented to Field Marshal Smuts when he comes to the town to receive the Freedom of Southampton.

While searching in the now grimy Guildhall, above the Bargate arch, the Mayor suddenly had an idea. "It's all wrong that this should be locked up," he said. "Why, what a thrill it would give Americans and others from overseas to get in here and look round if the place were tidied up. We'll open it up again."

As a result, Service visitors to the town are to have an opportunity of seeing something of Southampton's "hidden" history in wood and stone.



making Queen's Park Rangers one of the best sides in the South, has moved to Wolverhampton to take over the reins from Major Frank Buckley.

David Jack, whom I mentioned in connection with Arsenal, is another Bolton "Knight." It is not generally known that he was born close to Burnden Park, when his father, the late Bob Jack, was a Bolton star. Later, in the West Country, with Plymouth, he was put on the road to football fame.

Mention of the West Country quickly brings to mind one of the finest goalkeepers Bolton ever called upon.

Dick Pym was a Devonshire fisherman who used to play at centre-forward for a small team at Topsham. He must have been a very good leader of the attack, too, for League clubs went to watch him play.

Then Dick Pym decided he would like to try keeping goal. Having scored so many goals himself, he wondered what it would be like stopping them!

His play as a custodian soon attracted as much attention as his lightning runs at centre-forward, with the result that Exeter City signed him. A little later Bolton came along, and in return for a fat cheque the West Countryman went North to guard Bolton's goal.

I stand to be criticised for saying this, but Dick Pym, fisherman turned footballer, was the nearest approach to the great Sam Hardy I have ever seen.

He was not a flashy goalkeeper. On the other hand, he was not so quiet that you would not notice him. He was a fine mixture of solidness and brilliance, and his masterly handling of a greasy ball was admired by fans on every ground he visited.

NO-GOAL RECORD.

Dick Pym, in all, played in three Cup Finals for Bolton Wanderers—1923-6-9—and on no occasion had a goal scored against him. Dick was very young when he won his first medal, and was the last of the 1923 side to leave Bolton.

He retired from the game, so most thought, until Yeovil began to attract attention by their brilliant play in a series of F.A. Cup-ties.

Word went round that they had a wonderful young goalkeeper, full of promise, and named Dick Pym. We all thought the Bolton star's son was keeping up the tradition—until Yeovil visited Fulham.

The man who played such a great game in Yeovil's goal was THE Dick Pym!

The former fisherman, who soon after this display retired from senior soccer, returned to play at centre-forward for a junior side, where he had started. This "Knight" of the great game just would not grow old—and when appointed assistant trainer of Exeter City, brought with him the enthusiasm of a youngster new to the game.

A wonderful man, a great goalkeeper, and a sportsman, like those with whom he played, Pym had been the model for many a now famous star. They could have chosen no better gentleman upon whom to model themselves in the fullest sense.

It was from Exeter City that Bolton secured another man who ranks among soccer's "Knights." In the late 'twenties, when they badly needed a goal-scorer, Bolton rather liked the look of Harold Blackmore, who was leading Exeter's front line with great dash and success.

He was signed, given his big opportunity, and he took it with both boots.

But Bolton did not know that the young fellow who became one of the big names of football received his chance with Exeter by sheer accident.

AMONG THE CROWD.

Although on Exeter's books as an amateur, he rarely received an opportunity to show his ability. One day, he went to see a replayed cup-tie at Bristol. As he was not required for the Exeter team, who were fighting for honours, he went on to the bankings to view the match.

In the meantime, unknown to Blackmore, Exeter had run into trouble, for on the journey one of the forwards had been taken ill.

When they arrived at the Bristol ground, Exeter's manager was very worried—until someone mentioned that he had seen Harold Blackmore enter the ground. As he had no reserve capable of filling the sick forward's position, the Exeter chief ordered a man to carry a board around the ground.

On this an appeal for Blackmore to report to the Exeter dressing-room was printed.

Harold saw the board, reported to the Exeter manager, donned borrowed kit and boots—and played a real blinder. From that moment he became a fixture in the Exeter team, until he moved to Bolton.

WORLD OF WATERS

AFTER lying about for a fortnight and collecting all the hides the place afforded, we set sail again for San Pedro.

We lay about a week in San Pedro, and got under way for San Diego, intending to stop at San Juan, as the south-easter season was nearly over, and there was little or no danger.

This being the spring season San Pedro, as well as all the other open ports upon the coast, was filled with whales that had come in to make their annual visit upon soundings.

For the first few days that we were here and at Santa Barbara we watched them with great interest; but they soon became so common that we took little notice of them.

We once very nearly ran one down in the gig, and should probably have been knocked to pieces or blown sky-high.

We had been on board the

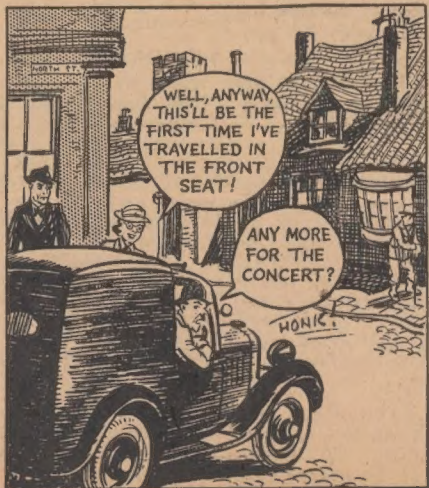
QUIZ for today

1. A loligo is a sweetmeat, girl, snake, squid, fruit, New Guinea Chief?
2. Who wrote (a) Canterbury Puzzles, (b) Canterbury Tales?
3. Which of the following is an intruder, and why?—K, A, L, W, E, J, N, H.
4. Who were the four major Prophets?
5. What is the brightest star in the sky?
6. What is a lemur?
7. All the following are real words, except one; which is it? Macron, Mignon, Micule, Micron, Macule, Macrame.
8. What are the two great London daily newspapers not called "Daily"?
9. What shell-fish provided the Romans with their Imperial Purple dye?
10. What is the capital of Iceland?
11. What colour is puce?
12. How many chemical elements can you name beginning with A?

Answers to Quiz in No. 420

1. Floor covering.
2. (a) Conan Doyle, (b) Dorothy Sayers.
3. Casco is a boat; others are fish.
4. Baseball.
5. Hon. C. S. Rolls, 1910.
6. Hungary.
7. Sprey.
8. The Society of Friends.
9. Halley's Comet.
10. (a) Farthing, (b) large threepence.
11. William the Conqueror's.
12. Tom Walls, Mae West, Diana Wynyard.

JANE



TWO YEARS BEFORE THE MAST

By R. H. DANA

Part 11

little Spanish brig, and were returning, stretching out well at our oars, the little boat going like a swallow; our backs were forward, and the captain, who was steering, was not looking out, when all at once we heard the spout of a whale directly ahead. "Back water! back water, for your lives!" shouted the captain; and we backed our blades in the water, and brought the boat to in a smother of foam.

Turning our heads, we saw a great, rough, hump-backed whale slowly crossing our forefoot, within three or four yards of the boat's stem. Had we not backed water just as we did we should inevitably have gone smash upon him.

He took no notice of us, but passed slowly on, and dived a few yards beyond us, throwing his tail high in the air. This kind differs much from the sperm in colour and skin, and is said to be fiercer.

We saw a few sperm whales; but most of the whales that come upon the coast are fin-backs, hump-backs, and right-whales, which are more difficult to take, and are said not to give oil enough to pay for the trouble.

Coasting along on the quiet shore of the Pacific, we came to anchor in twenty fathoms' water, almost out at sea, as it were, and directly abreast of a steep hill which overhung the water, and was twice as high as our royal-masthead.

We had heard much of this place from the "Lagoda's" crew, who said it was the worst in California. The shore is

rocky, and directly exposed to the south-east, so that vessels are obliged to slip and run for their lives on the first sign of a gale; and, late as it was in the season, we got up our slip-rope and gear, though we meant to stay only twenty-four hours.



"You're wasting your time, Toplady! We keep ours in the safe!"

Just where we landed was a small cove, or "bight," which gave us, at high tide, a few square feet of sand-beach between the sea and the bottom of the hill. This was the only landing-place. Directly before us rose the perpendicular height of four or five hundred feet.

How we were to get hides down, or goods up, upon the tableland

on which the mission was situated was more than we could tell. No animal but a man or a monkey could get up it.

There was a grandeur in everything around, which gave almost a solemnity to the scene; a silence and solitariness which affected everything.

Not a human being but ourselves for miles; and no sound heard but the pulsations of the great Pacific! the steep hill rising like a wall, and cutting us off from all the world but the "world of waters!"

Compared with the plain, dull sand-beach of the rest of the coast this grandeur was as refreshing as a great rock in a weary land.

Everything was in accordance with my state of feeling, and I experienced a glow of pleasure at finding that what of poetry and romance I ever had in me had not been entirely deadened by the laborious life I had been lately leading.

We pulled aboard, and found the long-boat hoisted out, and nearly laden with goods; and after dinner we all went on shore in the quarter-boat, with the long-boat in tow.

As we drew in, we found an ox-cart and a couple of men standing directly on the brow of the hill; and having landed, the captain took his way round the hill, ordering me and one other to follow him.

We followed, picking our way out, and jumping and scrambling up, walking over briars and prickly pears, until we came to the top.

Reaching the brow of the hill where the cart stood, we found several piles of hides, and the Indians sitting round them. One or two other carts were coming slowly on from the mission, and the captain told us to begin and throw the hides down. This, then, was the way they were to be got down: thrown down, one at a time, a distance of four hundred feet!

Down this height we pitched the hides, throwing them as far out into the air as we could; and as they were all large, stiff, and doubled, like the cover of a book, the wind took them, and they swayed and eddied about, plunging and rising in the air like a kite when it has broken its string.

As it was now low tide there was no danger of their falling into the water, and as fast as they came to ground the men below picked them up and, taking them on their heads, walked off with them to the boat.

Having thrown them all down, we took our way back again, and found the boat loaded and ready to start.

Friday, May 8th, 1835.—Arrived at San Diego. Here we found the little harbour deserted.

All the hide-houses on the beach but ours were shut up; and the Sandwich Islanders, a dozen or twenty in number, who had worked for the other vessels and had been paid off when they sailed, were living on the beach, keeping up a grand carnival.



He's a sort of headstrong guy, you know. This chappie at Barnett, in Middlesex, can actually carry 14 ridge-tiles on his head. Sum of 10wt. 7lbs. Not only is he climbing the ladder of success, but we must admit he's making great headway, too.

A Russian discovery-ship, which had been in this port a few years before, had built a large oven for baking bread, and went away leaving it standing.

It was now inhabited by as many as a dozen or twenty men, who lived there in complete idleness—drinking, playing cards, and carousing in every way. Captain T— was anxious to get three or four of them to come on board of the "Pilgrim," as we were so much diminished in numbers, and went up to the oven and spent an hour or two trying to negotiate with them.

One of them, a finely-built, active, strong, and intelligent fellow who was a sort of king among them, acted as spokesman. He was called Mannini, and was known all over California.

Through him the captain offered them fifteen dollars a month, and one month's pay in advance; but so long as they had money they would not work for fifty dollars a month, and when their money was gone they would work for ten.

We unmoored, and got everything ready, when the captain made another attempt. This time he succeeded very well.

He got Mr. Mannini in his interest, and, as the shot was getting low in the locker, prevailed upon him and three others to come on board with their chests and baggage, and sent a hasty summons to me and the boy to come ashore with our things, and join the gang at the hide-house.

This was unexpected to me. I stood on the beach while the brig got under way, and watched her until she rounded the point, and then went up to the hide-house to take up my quarters for a few months.

HERE was a change in my life as complete as it had been sudden. In the twinkling of an eye I was transformed into a "beach-comber" and hide-curer; yet the novelty and the comparative independence of the life were not unpleasant.

Our hide-house was a large building made of rough board, and intended to hold forty thousand hides. In one corner of it a small room was parted off, in which four berths were made, where we were to live, with mother earth for our floor.

The boy was to act as cook; while myself, a giant of a Frenchman named Nicholas, and four Sandwich Islanders were to cure hides.

Nicholas was the most immense man that I had ever seen in my life. He was considerably over six feet, and of a frame so large that he might have been shown for a curiosity.

His strength was in proportion to his size, and his ignorance to his strength—"strong as an ox, and ignorant as strong." He neither knew how to read nor to write.

He had been to sea from a boy, and had seen all kinds of service, and been in every kind of vessel; merchantmen, man-of-war, privateers, and slavers; and from what I could gather from the accounts of himself, and from what he once told me in confidence after we had been better acquainted, he had even been in worse business than slave-trading. He was once tried for his life in Charleston, South Carolina, and though acquitted, yet he was so frightened that he never would show himself in the United States again.

We always got along very well together. "I'll be good friends with you," he used to say, "for by-and-by you'll come out here captain, and then you'll haze me well."

(To be continued)

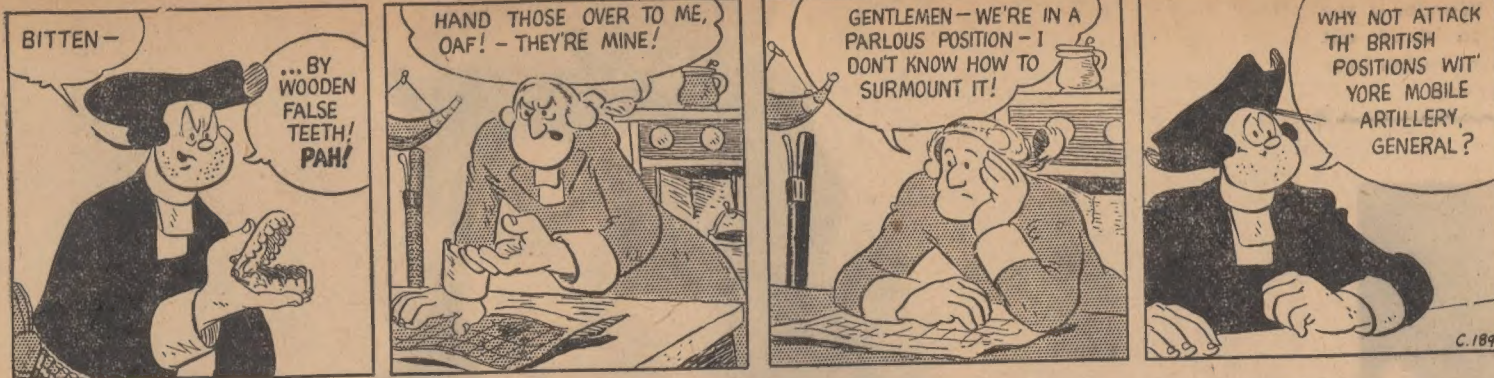
WANGLING WORDS—360

1. Put an animal in SOT and make a tap.
2. In the following first line of a popular song both the words and the letters in them have been shuffled. What is it? **Fræath of tub lal og ew krow.**
3. Mix SPIRE, add D, and get an eight-legged creature.
4. Find the two hidden garden pests in: "To-morrow or Monday will do if the boys lug the gun up the hill."

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 359

1. PantHER.
2. Here we go round the mulberry bush.
3. Clematis.
4. S-nap-drag-on, Pe-on-y.

BEELZEBUB JONES



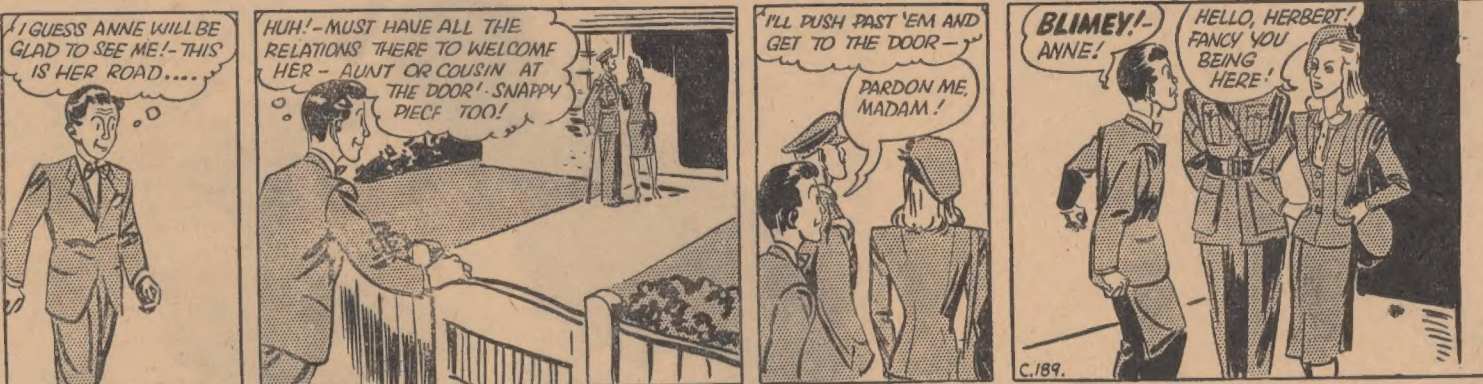
BELINDA



POPEYE



RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



Her Ashes went to Oyster Man

By C. N. Doran

A PECULIAR will some time ago came under the consideration of Mr. Justice Bennett. A London man had left all his money—a considerable sum—to his two sons, on condition that they never accepted any public office, became Members of Parliament, or changed their faith which was Jewish.

The sons were joining the Army, and wanted to know whether this upset the will. The Judge held the will to be null and void, since it was against public interest, and that by becoming officers the sons were not violating the will.

Some people have left wills about their possessions that have sorely taxed the law to interpret and carry out. Maybe the queerest will of years was that of the Dowager Lady Sackville, a famous hostess in her day.

She directed that her body be cremated and that her ashes be taken to the oyster shop of Mr. Alfred English, of Brighton.

She wanted her ashes kept there for a certain number of days, because she had been a regular customer at the shop and had consumed many oysters there.

After remaining at the shop in state for the specified time the ashes were to be taken out to the English Channel and thrown on the waves.

It was, apparently, her return for the shell fish and oysters she had eaten in her lifetime, and if her ashes were any good to the fishes they were welcome to them.

Another woman who wanted her ashes thrown on the waves was Mrs. Kathleen Sherwood, of New South Wales. In her will she desired that the ashes be taken to the spot where Lord Kitchener was drowned, and there flung over the spot.

But it could not be done. The fact was that the lady left only £500, and this sum was not sufficient to pay for the job.

Then there was the will of E. J. Hailey, of Tennessee, who died not so long ago. He left this life after one of his attacks of D.T.s.

And he wanted a sum of five thousand dollars to go to the nurse who, on a previous attack, had "kindly removed one pink monkey from the bottom of my bed." The nurse got her 5,000 dollars.

Then there are absurd wills, too. Take that of the eccentric American millionaire, Vance Millar, who left £100,000 to the woman of Toronto who gave birth to most children in the ten years following his death.

It will be remembered that the "birth race" was the cause of columns of print in the world's newspapers. Ultimately, three women tied for the championship of the "Stork Derby," as it was called.

Each had had nine babies in the ten years, and nobody could do more than that.

There is a trust fund left by Nelson Tunnicliffe, of Redwood City, California, to his cousin, Mr. N. T. Rathbun; but the fund becomes void if the grass on Mr. Tunnicliffe's grave ever becomes brown.

He wants his grave well attended and well watered.

There was a queer will that was the cause of legal argument in New York, but the dead man won. He left a fortune of over £30,000 to his nephew; but the fortune was to be accepted in the form of firewood, which was to be burned daily.

The nephew took the case to court, but the judges found that it was a legal condition; so the nephew is still burning firewood in all the grates of his house in Brooklyn.

Lieut. Richard Laybourne, of Monmouthshire, has his memory annually honoured by the Welsh Guards. He was killed when he was twenty-three years of age in an R.A.F. crash, and when his will was read out, it contained a clause whereby a bottle of champagne was to be provided every Saturday night for the Welsh Guards officer on picket duty between October 1st and March 31st.

The reason for this was that he had to take that duty more than once, and knew how cold it could be.

But that was not all. He left £3,000 for beer and cigarettes to be provided to every serving member of the Welsh Guards, to be consumed on his birthday.

Well, maybe the strangest of all was the will of the Countess of St. Ange.

She directed that the skin should be taken from her beautiful shoulders and used to bind a book, which was to be presented to her favourite author.

Alex Cracks

Stonewall Jackson kept close counsel of all his strategic moves, never revealing an inkling of his plans to anyone. Once, when the army was making a mysterious night march, a chaplain, filled with curiosity and presuming upon Jackson's reverence of the cloth, rode up and asked him where they were going.

Jackson looked around as if to make sure that no one was listening, and asked earnestly, "My dear sir, can you keep a secret?" "Oh, yes," the gentleman replied, "you can trust me, General; I certainly can keep a secret." "Well," said Jackson drily, "so can I."

Good Morning

20th Century Fox star Dinah Shore. Remember her singing "Yes my darling daughter." Wonder if the Hippo is hoping to hand out the same advice. Much rather have Dinah, anyway.



"Never mind, my darling. One of these days you'll be as lovely as your mother."



★ **This England** Sunshine and lovely horse-chestnuts in the village of Stanmer, in Sussex. ★



"Sorry you are so cold, old chap; but I really couldn't let you have my pullover."



Looks as though this is really the last straw.

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"What ARE we coming to?"

